

PS 1054
.A72 W3
1868
Copy 1

THE WARNING,
OR, THE BIRTH, YOUTH, MANHOOD, AND
DANGER OF THE NATION,
A POEM,
BY D. AYRES.

Annus mirabilis.

Price 10 Cents.

*Sample Copies sent on Receipt of Price. A liberal discount
to Clubs or the Trade.*

ROCHESTER, N. Y.
DAILY DEMOCRAT STEAM PRINTING HOUSE 2 BUFFALO ST.
1868.



T 4995

THE WARNING ;

OR, THE BIRTH, YOUTH, MANHOOD, AND

DANGER OF THE NATION,

A POEM ;

BY D. AYRES.

—••••—
Annus mirabilis.
—••••—

Price 10 Cents.

*Sample Copies sent on Receipt of Price. A liberal discount
to Clubs or the Trade.*



ROCHESTER, N. Y.:
DAILY DEMOCRAT STEAM PRINTING HOUSE, 62 BUFFALO ST.
1868.

F51051
AYRES
1868

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1868, by
D. AYRES,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Northern District of
New York.

INTRODUCTION.

It is not often that I feel
Such feelings o'er my senses steal,
I can't *command*, much less explain;
To drive them hence, I've tried in vain—
I half suspect, it is because
I disobey Great Nature's laws.
My trouble is, how shall I make
My *bow*, so that with all 'twill take—
I've studied hard Lord Chesterfield,
He doth no satisfaction yield.
Before a *mirror*, then I tried;
But yet I was not satisfied—
By some one *I* had understood,
To make a *bow*, and make it good,
That you must practice in the dark!
(Let me digress, with this remark,
It is not *always* the *best* way,
To mind what *other* people say.)
So, like a dunce, I at it went,
And when my strength was nearly spent,
I heard a *laugh* just at my door,
Which nearly raised me from the floor!
Says *I*, "How you did *frighten* me,"
Says *he*, "What *can* the matter be."
I told him *all*,—asked him to say,
Which *he* believed was the *best* way.
He said, that if I tried to please
Miss Jennie *Mudge* and Julia *Pease*,
That David *Dodge* and William *Jay*,
Would not *at all* admire my way,
And Mr. *Gough*, and Mrs. *Hough*,
Of such *low trash* would have enough!
To make a book that will be read;
Is not so hard as some have said.
Your *aim* should be *yourself* to please;
And then you'll write with *greater* ease.
For men of *sense* always admire
An *Author that builds his own fire*.
I acted on the hint. And now, my friend,
Already *you* may comprehend,
Why some *vagaries* are found
Within this little volume bound.
But, if with care, you'll read it through,
I hope 'twill cause *you* to renew
Your vows to *Freedom, God, and Right*—
So now my friends, good day, good night.

BIRTH.

Two hundred two score years and
 Seven, have come and gone;
 Since in old Plymouth Bay,
 One cold December's day,
 A puny vessel lay.
 For three long months it struggled
 With the boisterous deep;
 Oft times it seemed as though
 Old ocean's bed would be its grave;
 For 'neath some giant wave,
 Long time it would be lost!
 Once more, emerging, tossed
 On some fierce breaker wild.
 To human mind, it seemed
 As if its *destiny* were sealed!
 But He, who holds the world within
 The hollow of His hand,
 And doth the storm control,
 More *readily*, than doth the fierce
 Tornado, move the downy Thistle blow,
 From out its fleecy bed:—
 Was watching with an interest,
 Deeper far, than mortal man
 Can feel, or comprehend,
 Those noble souls, within the Mayflower
 Gathered. Who left their native land,
 To seek, on Columbia's shore,
 Or in her native wilds,
 FREEDOM. *Freedom to think,*
 To *act*, to worship God,
 As best their judgment should approve,
 Or conscience dictate.
 And from this band of Pilgrims *lorn*
 Who, when all told, did scarce exceed
 One hundred souls, there should
 Arise a *Nation* mightier far
 Than European lands can boast,
 Or Asia's sun e'er shone upon.

Their hardships, toils, their
 Sufferings, privations, prosperity
 And growth, 'tis needless to relate.
 They form a *part*, and parcel
 Of our country's history.
 And to *their* memory are,
 A *monument*, more noble, far,
 Than all the granite thrones
 That Kings have raised, and with
 The choicest gems adorned.
 And shows the love of *Freedom*
 Reigns in man, *supreme*,
 And e'en o'er death itself doth triumph.

YOUTH.

What wonder then, when they
 Had larger grown, in *earnest* zeal,
 To make Religious Freedom *sure*
 And permanent, that *they*,
Unwittingly should make
 And sanction laws,
 Which, should oppressive prove,
 Somewhat infringe, upon those
Very Rights, they would protect;
 And, which, in after years,
 Their judgment did condemn,
 And since have modified,
 And made them correspond
 With principles, they held so dear.
 But what avail such *little* faults
Less of the *heart* than *head*,
 When old New England's Granite rocks,
 Which rear their lofty forms,
 Towards Heaven's gates, perpetual
 Wear, which *time* can ne'er efface
 That *glorious* word, *that* word
 Which *thrilled* the soul and
Nerved the arm of Standish,
 Bradford, Brewster, and a

Host of other names, FREEDOM,
Freedom for all mankind.
 And the thousand rills,
 That gurgle from her hills,
 With siren notes proclaim,
 In Music, *sweet* the name
 Of *Liberty for all mankind.*
 It was the *first*, the *last*,
 The great *foundation stone*,
 On which they reared their
 Infant colony. Hence, with a jealous eye,
 With vigilance, they watched and guarded strict,
 Each avenue of approach. And *little* dreamed ;
 That 'neath a Southern sun, in old Virginia's soil,
 The *Upos* tree was planted ! which would grow,
 And spread its branches, far and wide,
 Until, in its insidious way, it would infuse,
 Its poisonous breath into *the Tree*,
 That Liberty had planted !
 And threaten to overwhelm, and utterly destroy it ;
 And, on its ruin rear a government,
 Despotic, tyrannical and base,
 And has for its *support* and *corner-stone*,
 That *nefarious* term, *American Slavery.*
 Alas, it was too true ! If you will patient be,
 And read awhile, you'll see
 How by *slow* degrees, this *monster* did
 His coils entwine around the Nation's heart.

The youth, not yet full grown,
 His love retained for parents and for kindred dear,
 Strengthened by absence long,
 And rendered doubly dear,
 By sacrifices great, privations, hardships,
 Sufferings untold,
 Which words but *faintly* tell, *feebly* express
 And which, when in his father-land,
 He never knew.

How strange ! how wondrous strange !
 That Parents could be so *far* lost

To all their natural ties, which bind the parent to the child,
 That they should jealous prove,
 And, instead of words of sympathy, and love, and joy,
 That such *heroic* efforts,
 By her *own* children made, should with *success* be crowned.
 They sought by *threats*, by *taxes*, *illegal*, *unjust*, *cruel*, *wrong*,
 By *every* means to which they dared resort,
 To obstruct, to hinder, or delay
 The onward progress of the ambitious youth!
 But each fresh act, of deep injustice,
 Made the wound but deeper still,
 And added fuel to the *fires* which burned within the breast,
 Of their much abused and persecuted child ;
 And needed but a breath to fan it to a flame.
 The climax soon was reached !
 The cup of infamy was full !
 The pent up flames burst forth, from Massachusetts's Bay,
 To Carolina's shore, the fires of Freedom burned.
 Now ye, who at a Higher power do *sneer*,
 Note the result ; when Truth with Error meets,
 When Right with Wrong, Justice with Tyranny contends.

Behold this band of valiant hearts,
 In numbers *few*, in means yet weaker still
 Inscribing on *Freedom's* chart,
 Those Heaven-born words,
 "*All men are equal born*,"
 And throwing to the breeze the Stars and Stripes,
 And with *firm* trust in God,
 Resolve to LIVE FOR FREEDOM, or *perish* at her gates ;
 The long and fearful struggle that ensued—
 The God-like deeds of that heroic band,
 Led by the immortal Washington,
 The *many times* that *Freedom* cast but a flickering ray of hope,
 The *shameful* treason of one of her *favorite* sons,
 Their marvelous escape, from quicksands, shoals, and rocks,
 Their *glorious success*,
All, *ALL* are known, and garnered
 In the hearts of Freedom's sons ;
 In letters of *living* light, are written,
 In the chronicles of our Nation's glory !

MANHOOD.

Thus did the *youth* became a man,
 Assert and nobly maintain his manhood,
 And from *that* time, till fifty years had passed,
 There's little to our purpose which we care to note,
 Save to remark,
 That led and controlled by such *immortal* names,
 As Washington, Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe,
 And the heroic-statesman, Andrew Jackson,
 'Tis no wonder that our country prospered
 In wealth, increased in population fast,
Respect secured, the admiration gained
 Of Nations, Kings, Empires,
 And all, who, not so *selfish* were, as to award *merit*,
 When justly earned.

The canker-worm still grew,
 And *stealthily*, as doth the *thief* at night,
 Seek some unbarred entrance to a house,
 Whose inmates, all unconseious,
 Are in midnight slumber steeped.
 He *crept*, and *crawled*, in every place,
 Where Virtue, Truth, and Freedom reigned,
 And soon became a power, a *mighty* power.

MISSOURI COMPROMISE.

Man is a selfish being, has been in ages past,
 And in all future time *will* be.
 As we observed, this *monster Slavery*, a power became,
 That sought the *acts* to mould, the *character* to give,
 To all those noble institutions, planted by patriot hands
 And watered by patriot blood! [and!
 His black flag already waved o'er more than half our lovely
 Three-fourths, at least, of all high offices he held;
 Yet, like the Goddess, not content,
 He sought for more.

And marshaled all his *hosts*, one *fierce*, one *desperate*,
 Assault to make on *Freedom's* citadel.
 The lines were formed ; the orders given :—
 And the dark column moved ! terrific was the shock !
 From North to South ; from East to West ;
 The country was *convulsed* !
 Long weeks of *weary*, *useless* struggles, came and went ;
 And freemen stood and manfully beat back the *storm*,
 Slavery had raised. But *fiercer*, *fiercer* still,
 Rages the battle. The hearts of freemen tire,
 And fear, lest our land, our *lovely* land,
 Asunder should be riven.
 The enemy soon perceive, that freedom falters ;
 And, more desperate press their unjust demands.
 Alas ! Alas ! if freemen *then* had like their fathers *proved*,
 'Twere better *far* to with their *country die*,
 Than *Slavery* gain the victory.
 But counsels adverse prevailed ; and, one of freedom's
 Sons, most gifted of them all,
 With good intent, sought to still the troubled waters.
 And to prevent the *greater* wrong, the *LESSER one* adopt.
 The Opiate was given. The Compromise was made,
 The tumult ceased. But *Slavery* gained, and Freedom lost.
 And from *that* hour began, *secretly*, the *heresy* to teach,
 Till now abhorrent even to the devotee of sin,
 That Slavery was *right*, sanctioned by *God*,
 Sanctioned by *law*, by *common law*, by law approved.

Such Blasphemous views,
 At first but few adherents had.
 But *slowly*, by degrees, they bolder grew,
 Till they embraced men of all caste, profession,
 Class and kind. And even *those*
 Who claim the doctrine of the great Nazarene to teach,
 Boldly maintained, God's *Word* approved,
 And sanctioned the great crime,
 A crime against *Reason*, *God*, and *man*.
 This doctrine *spread* and *grew*,
 Till even at the North it found congenial soil.
 And *beings* were found, bearing the form of *man*,

Who claimed a man of *sable* hue,
 Had no rights that white men should respect.
 The monster now throws off his mask!
 No longer the defensive takes; but, openly proclaims,
 His right to go where'er the Flag of *Freedom* waves.

He lifts his *iron* rod,
 The Whig and Democratic party bow!
 And strive, persistent strive, to gain his favor.
 His favorite proves the Democratic party—
 And his fast friend becomes.
 Despite the *muttering* thunders of the North,
 It is obliged to do his bidding, or suffer the *same* fate
 Of its opponent, Whig. For on *it*, *Slavery* laid
 Its hand, and the *Great* Whig Party
 Disappeared! Is not *this* true, if *not*,
 Where are the Southern Whigs of other days?
 Found, in the rank and file of Democrats,
 Or, in that Great Party formed, the *Monster* to oppose,
 And *National* make *freedom*.
 'Tis needless to review the conflict Freedom had
 With its bold enemy.
 Young Kansas troubles, and the Texas plot,
 The *Compromise* and *Squatter Sovereignty*!
All, are familiar, as are house-hold words.

One would suppose the depth of Infamy
 Was reached. That, even the infernal regions,
 All combined, could not devise, produce,
 Dare not proclaim and publish to the world,
 That they, another step would take,
 Farther advance on Freedom's Rights.
 Did Slavery hesitate? Nay!
 Not even when her ally, faithful to the last,
Begged, implored *him* to withdraw,
 This last demand. His rod *again* he raised,
 And *sneeringly* replied:—
 Give me a *candidate*, *pledged* to defend,
 Extend, sustain, uphold, my darling Institution,
 Or, meet the fate your great opponent suffered!

The party *dare* not do it; but hoping to appease
 The anger of their master, King, they chose a man,
 Most gifted in their ranks. Who, had
 The sobriquet title *earned*, *richly* deserved,
 The name of "Little Giant." And who, perhaps,
 Of all the *Northern* men of note their party
 Did embrace, was least objectionable.
 For, often when, the battle doubtful poised,
 Or, when the tide in Freedom's favor turned,
 Was the *lamented*, *gifted* Douglas found,
 If not on Slavery's side, *demoralizing* Freedom's
 Hosts, by taking *middle* ground!
 Thank God, he did in part retrieve
 The errors he had made, and did assure
 The *Martyr Lincoln*, that *him* he would
 Sustain, with all the power at his command,
 In putting the Rebellion down.
 And, had he lived, no doubt would have been
 Foremost in the rank of Freedom's hosts;
 But *Slavery dare* not trust him,
 But showed the same ingratitude to *him*,
 That *Slavery* always showed to others,
 When *they* its *purpose* could no longer serve.
 Then, turning to that great and mighty party,
 Known as the Republican, *HE* says,
 Elect your captain Lincoln, if you *dare*,
 And *we* will *rend* this government in twain!
 Thus did the monster seek the *hands* to tie,
 The *mouth* to shut of *all* who did not
 To his mandate bow.
 This once they *heed* him not, thank God,
 But forward move, and gloriously elect
 The immortal Lincoln.
 Then, one by one, did Slavery's recreant sisters
 Leave the roof that sheltered them,
 And ere the lamented Lincoln was ensconced
 Within the chair of State, marshaled their hosts,
 With the intent to execute their threats,
 Or else, *intimidate* the government
 To *their* demands submit.

The fatal shot was fired—the Rubicon was crossed—
 The clash of arms was heard: *War* was begun:
 A war which has no *parallel* in modern times,
 Or ancient days! for armaments immense,
 For ordnance before unknown, surpassing *far*
 In its munitions vast, and its *expense* the
 Greatest wars that Europe e'er beheld!
 But not alone, in these respects,
 Was this war most remarkable.
 But for self-sacrifices great, devotion to the cause,
 For sufferings unknown in ancient wars,
 For heroism exceeding *far* the wildest *feats*,
 Of which the crusaders can boast.
 For its romantic instances of personal endurance,
 And for its *cruelties*, unheard of in countries civilized,
 And its *glorious* results! It stands out, *singly* and *alone*,
 On History's page as the most *wonderful* on record.

We would not wound afresh the mourners' heart,
 Or cause the tears anew to start from widowed eyes,
 Nor waken anew, the feelings in that hero's heart,
 Who gave his *son*, his *only* son, to *God* and his country's cause.
 The *heart* would sicken, and the *brain* would *tire*,
 E'er we should half exhaust the mournful tale;
 Vast volumes have been written, that all may read,
 Who have desire.

But with us just a *little* bear,
 And we will your attention call
 To only two points, in the history
 Of this great tragedy.
 First, this war had almost a *failure* proved,
 'Till our chief magistrate
 Proclaimed, FREEDOM TO ALL ENSLAVED.
None can deny, *all* must admit,
 That this to *Slavery* was a staggering blow.
 Had pierced the *monster* in a *vital part*,
 And made his friends turn pale,
 And trembling, wait to see
 What, in the Northern States, the effect would be.

Not long had they to wait, for soon they saw
 It was the *electric* spark, which fired anew,
 And kindled *hope* in every freeman's breast!
 And *nerved* the arm of patriots to strike,
Stronger and *quicker*, for *Freedom* and for *Right*.
 Had the lamented Lincoln never done another act,
 He would *immortality* have won.
Forever cherished will his mem'ry be,
 And *reverenced* his name,
 As *great* and *good* he will be known to fame.

The other point, which helped to turn the tide,
 Was giving the *supreme* command to *one* man
 Only, and making *him* the head.
 It was our fortune to select a man
 Of *energy* and of an *iron* will,
 Of *honest* purpose, and of *tact* and *skill*.
 His *bravery* none but *fools* dispute.
 None *question* his integrity, but those of no repute.
 Three times, at least, he did his country save
 From the disgrace of an *ignominious* grave.
 You need not fear, that like his *predecessor* he will *prove*,
 A *Traitor* to those principles you love.

THE DANGER.

I would not *needlessly* the *fears* excite,
 The mind *alarm*, or make the matter
Worse, than the reality.
 But, would lift my feeble voice
 In notes of warning, to my countrymen.
 Be on your guard, from lethargy awake!
 Liberty is the price of *vigilance*.
 Though Slavery's *carcass* is dead,
 His *spirit* lives, and needs *only* the power
 Again to change the *organic* law,
 And institute anew the *accursed* system.
 These thoughts result not from diseased
 Imagination, but from a *sober*,
 Candid view, of our present situation.

My countrymen, I ask you *candidly* to look
 The *matter* in the face.
 Shut not your eyes and say, the danger is o'er—
Secure and *safe* is this Republic.
 What mean those fire-brand speeches,
 Those *words* of deep defiance,
 Those *threats*, which from such Rebel-chiefs
 As Hampton, Toombs, and a score of other
 Criminals, do emanate!
 What mean those Ku Klux Klans!
 What means the shameful course
 By leading men pursued, in driving from
 Their halls their brother man,
 Because his face was of a darker hue!
 What means the danger at the South
 Of Northern men, if *they* assert
 The doctrine taught by Jefferson!
 They are the mutterings of the gathering storm,
 Which, ere we are aware, will burst with fury
 On us.

THE APPEAL.

Then listen, young men, to my fervent appeal;
 My convictions and feelings, I cannot conceal;
 That our country's salvation and its glory depend,
 On the cause you espouse, the side you defend.

On one side you see all the rebels arranged,
 They say that their feelings have *never* been changed
 Since they met you, equipped in battle array,
 On that *fatal* field, on that *bloody* day!

When weltering in gore, and close by your side,
 Fell brothers, and neighbors, and gloriously died!
 As martyrs to freedom, by those rebels slain,
 Who now, all the *Rights of Freemen* do claim.

And who is their leader, and what is his name?
 Has he gained great honors, distinction and fame?
 I've *known* him from boyhood, and will tell you the truth,
 There was *nothing suprising* in his *childhood* or *youth*.

But, in process of time, a young man he became,
 And the hearts of young *ladies* were filled with a *flame* ;
 For *Horatio* was handsome they *declared*, and was *pretty* ;
 What care *we*, if he *is'nt* so wonderful *witty*.

And during the *whole* of his *public* career
 I never have heard that his friends used to fear,
 That his *wit* was the cause of his *predisposition*
 To become a fit *subject*—for an *insane* institution.

Did he ever propose, in *thought*, *word* or *deed* ?
Anything that his party made part of their CREED ?
 I beg pardon, on *one* occasion he spoke
 To his friends in New York, and their *ardor* awoke.

And his party *adopted* his *plan* it appears,
 For they were filled with deep troubles and *terrible* fears,
 Lest the "*niggers*" should come and our households demand,
 And drive us and our children from our lovely land !

But who bears the standard of Freemen on high ?
 'Tis the man who *rebellion* did *boldly* defy !
 Who *bearded* the lion concealed in his den ;
 Who whipped the bold rebels *again* and AGAIN !

'Tis foolish to try to *belittle* his fame ;
 The civilized *world* award him the name ;
 Of the greatest of captains, the mightiest *chief*,
 That the world ever *saw*, in a period so brief.

When darkness enveloped the land and the sky,
 And to *all* it seemed certain that *Freedom* must die ;
 Where centered the hopes then freemen ? say, where ?
 I answer, in the *chieftain*, who then did declare :

" This struggle I will not at any future time
 Basely surrender, but fight it out on this line
 If it takes all the *summer*, the object to gain ;
 And if we're defeated, we will try it again."

Those heroic words, with the lightning did fly—
 They burst the dark cloud and lighted the sky !
 And filled with new hope the heart of the nation—
 They inspired it with faith in its final salvation !

Then follow our captain, he's *honest* and *true*,
 And *never*, nay *never*, will he deceive you ;
 He has *sense* and good *judgment*, and will *never* betray
 His friends who support him—then do not delay.

But help us to roll on the liberty ball—
 Old Maine and Vermont have answered the call—
 And *Rebeldom* trembles, and quivers in fear—
 And the Democrats North begin to despair.

I ask you, young men, to rise in your might,
 And put all the *Rebs* and their *allies* to flight;
 In your *majesty* rise and your *armor* gird on,
 And never give o'er till the victory is won.

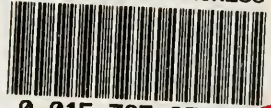
For the sake of those *heroes* your mem'ry holds dear,
 For the sake of those *orphans* whose hearts it would cheer,
Strike, strike for your country: for *justice* and *right*—
 And the heart of the loyal you'll *fill* with delight.

Then *rally*! Oh *rally*! Oh *rally* once more!
 From the noble Atlantic to the Pacific shore.—
 Inscribe on your banner, FREEDOM TO ALL—
 If you *do* not, I WARN you, your fabric will fall.

I *charge* you, Republicans, dare to do right,
 Do Right to the *black* man as well as the *white*,
 Then will *glorious* victory perch on your *banner*,
 And you'll emerge from the conflict filled with all honor.



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 015 785 359 4 ●